TEN PAGES

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL.

PART TWO

INDIANAPOLIS, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1902.

Annual Thanksgiving Book Number

WE READ BOOKS.

To say that Indianapolis is a book reading town is not to re-echo the tiresome twaddle concerning its supremacy as an intellectual and literary center. It is a simple truth to say that it is a community of intelligent, progressive people, whose interests are many and diverse, and who seek not only to keep in touch with the literature bearing upon their specialties, but with general literature as well. There are among them educators, scientists, physicians, lawyers, workers of every class, all pursuing some line of investigation, all thinkers and with minds alert to all that is new in their respective fields. There is a multitude of men and women who read widely and discriminatingly from sheer delight in intellectual activity, and there is the other multitude that reads for pastime only, but not necessarily and invariably books that are not worth while. On the contrary, it is the testimony of librarians and book dealers that the fiction readers of Indianapolis are amazingly awake to what is desirable in that line and are quick to demand the latest and best. There are few classes of society that are not readers of books of some sort, most of them good books. Even where the literature is of the lightest, most trivial sort, it is doubtless better to read this than nothing. Poor books are reasonably sure to lead to better ones. This intellectual activity speaks well for a town, and it is an activity likely to continue, since the present system of education teaches children to use books and how to use them. It is an age of books and reading, and Indianapolis keeps pace with the spirit of the age.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

A correspondent of the Journal asks to be given the names of "fifteen standard authors of children's books." What is wanted, presumably, are the names of those writers who have produced their books with the definite purpose of catering to the juvenile taste. It is possible, even probable, that a list of fifteen who have had fair success in this undertaking might be given, but whether so many are the authors of works possessing the lasting quality and the literary merit that entitles them to be called "standard" may be considered doubtful. At all events, the Journal will not now undertake to decide the question.

A point suggested by the query is whether it is really essential or important that a child be supplied with literature intended especially and primarily for his delectation. Books of this class are for the most part a comparatively recent product. Our grandparents had few, if any, of them; our parents, when young, were acquainted with a few volumes that they considered exclusively their own, but it is only within the past few years that the flood of juvenile literature has almost equaled in extent that of fiction for more mature readers. Innumerable books of boyish adventure and hardly a less number of volumes in which girls are the leading actors—most of the tales moral in tone and innocuous in sentiment—load the shelves of library and bookshop. Myths and the records of the doings of great men of history have been "written down" to a point supposed to be within easy comprehension of youthful readers; classic tales have been "expurgated" until they are free from taint; even "Mother Goose," once cherished of childhood in total innocence of the book's faults, has been revised until the pages are free from rhyme or jingle that could offend the tenderest of infantile sensibilities. Perhaps this "milk of babes" is beneficial to the young consumers; perhaps by means of it they are led by easy upward steps to a place where they are able to appreciate a "strong meat," a more advanced literature—the best there is. The Journal does not know that this is so or that it is not; it only wonders if children really need so much especially prepared "predigested" food, or if the rising generation's power of intellectual digestion is more feeble than that of the generation just back; it wonders whether if the youngsters of to-day were suddenly deprived of all so-called juvenile books, they would not presently find quite as keen enjoyment and as much innocent pleasure, to say nothing of genuine benefit, in books that were originally intended for their elders.

The Journal knows of a child who, living in rather a remote country place at a time when such juvenile literature as existed was not as freely and widely distributed as now, read, between her ninth and twelfth birthdays, these books, among others: "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," "Jane Eyre," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "David Copperfield," several of Marryat's novels, among them "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Midshipman Easy" and "Snarleyow," Maury's "Physical Geography," one or two of Mrs. Southworth's novels, a small volume of Greek mythology and a volume or two of biography. The most of these she read over and over and took no harm from any. Years after she was amazed to read of an edition of the "Arabian Nights" "expurgated for children's use," and sought the old volume to discover where lay its improprieties. All these had passed harmlessly over her head. "Jane Eyre" she deeply enjoyed, and was greatly impressed with, though rather by the heroine's misfortunes and adventures than by the intensity of the love story. Out of Maury she gathered an idea of the mysteries of wind and wave she might never have acquired later. Marryat's stories entertained her highly, though no doubt she lost some of their cleverest points, not having the smallest idea, for instance, why Japhet had no father, or why he did not find him. She would not recommend Marryat, perhaps, as a suitable author for young readers, nor yet Mrs. Southworth, but the argument here is not so much in regard to suitability as to whether children can find entertainment and satisfaction in books not written for them. In this instance the child read those that chanced to come in her way. With a larger library of books for older readers she might have browsed to better advantage, as many a child has done, and as many a child will do when juvenile literature is not at hand and is not to be had. And this brings up the question again to be decided by each one for himself, "Do children really need children's literature?"

READ THE CATALOGUES.

One who really loves books will find deep enjoyment in examination of the book publishers' catalogues of their new and old books and their lists of special publications; nor does the pleasure depend to any great degree on the ability to buy what happens to appeal to the taste among the works described. The imagination, it is true, must play a part here, but he is not a genuine lover of books who does not like to read about them and who has not the fancy to picture the volumes he cares for arrayed on the shelf before him, or with their pages open under his hand, and to rejoice in the vision. And if in the lists the student discovers some work which he especially yearns for, yet is not able to possess, at that moment is aroused a purpose eventually to secure the coveted treasure. He is inspired with an aim, and what he so much desires he is reasonably sure at some time to obtain. If he gains it at the cost of some self-denial so much the better; the book then takes on a new value in his eyes. The man who builds up his library one book at a time, each volume one to fill a specific want, derives infinitely more satisfaction from his possessions than would be the case were he to give a general order to his bookseller to fill his shelves. In the one case the books take on an intimate personal quality—the owner has a distinct affection for them; in the other case they are furniture, nothing more.

But one need not even anticipate future purchase of books to find pleasure and profit in the inspection of catalogues. In these days of public libraries everybody reads books of one sort or another, and it is desirable, indeed essential to intelligent selection, that the patrons of such libraries have some information concerning current publications other than that afforded by the bare lists of titles issued by librarians. If they are students in special lines they may learn from the publishers' records what is being put forth on their chosen subjects; if they are merely seeking entertainment and wish only light literature they may learn something of the character of the new works of fiction—whether this story by a well-known author is historical and therefore to be shunned, whether that by a new writer is tragic or otherwise, whether this other with a promising title is intended for juvenile or adult readers, and so on. Library attendants know how much at a loss many apparently intelligent applicants at their counters are when making their selections. They know only of those new books which have been "boomed" like a health food; beyond them, with a very mine of riches within reach, they are uninformed.

And if they wish to make holiday gifts how much better to have definite information concerning the output in this line before going to the shops, and so be able to avoid the hasty, indiscriminate choice and the dissatisfaction that often follows. It is not enough to have the annual catalogue or the holiday list of one publishing house only. Have a dozen of them. Each establishment has its distinctive characteristics. Each has its specialty and each offers something desirable that the others do not.

Apart from what they contain these booklets, most of them, afford an aesthetic pleasure to the admirer of fine printing, their type, their specimen illustrations, their portraits of authors and their generally attractive appearance making them worth preserving. Send for the catalogues and study them.

It is not worth while to complain of the flood of fiction. No one need read more novels than he wishes, but, on the other hand, there is a demand that equals the supply. A vast number of people read fiction, not for any merit it may have as literature, not for any sidelight it may throw on history or historical characters, not because it is the book other people are reading—they read for the story only. They are tired, they have cares, they have troubles and anxieties—they read to escape these, to forget them, to get away from themselves. It does not matter greatly what the novel is, whether tragedy or comedy, whether written with literary skill or with a 'prentice hand, so long as the end desired is attained. Occasionally a novel is so utterly bad that its very faults make it a source of entertainment, sometimes it is so bad that it only exasperates; but most habitual novel readers who are trying to escape from reality and themselves learn to find a degree of satisfaction in very commonplace tales, should better ones not be available. And while this sort of need continues novels of a commonplace sort will go on being written and printed along with the rest. The primary purpose of the novel is to entertain, and in so far as it does this it is a success, whatever fault the critics may find with it.

An English writer, discussing the assertion of publishers that collections of short stories are not popular, advances the theory that one cause is the high price demanded for them, and expresses a belief that the public would take to them readily if they were published at half the cost of the present novel. By this he means, presumably, that they should be published in a cheaper form—less expensive paper, binding, etc. Otherwise, inasmuch as it costs the same to get out an ordinary volume of short stories that it does a novel, the publishers would probably not see their way clear to making such reduction in price, especially as they would presently be asked why they did not sell their novels at the same reduced rate. For the matter of that, why do they not get out more cheap editions of novels? The most of the fiction issued in these days is worthy of nothing better than paper covers, and many persons would be likely to buy half a dozen books at 50 cents each where they now buy one at a dollar and a half. And it is not everybody who can afford to buy the very best novels at the ordinary price. A good many would be glad of a chance to secure copies in any readable form at a moderate cost. Why not low-priced novels?

In writing about Mr. Barrie's work not long since, Miss Jeannette Gilder claimed to have introduced that writer to the American public. "I was literary adviser of a publishing firm at the time," she said, "and I accidentally came across the English copies of 'A Window in Thrums' and 'My Lady Nicotine.' I felt the possibilities of these books before I even read them. There is something to me in the touch of a book and the turn of its pages that makes itself felt." If Miss Gilder felt of the manuscript of "A Little White Bird," Barrie's latest production, and passed it on to the publisher on the strength of that test, her sense of touch for once failed her. People less gifted who can only judge of a book's merits by reading it are saying that "A Little White Bird" is sentimental rubbish.

Not less than six well-known publishing houses include each a cook book among the season's output. Several of the volumes are large and elaborate and involve much labor in preparation on the part of their editors, who in nearly every case are professional teachers of cookery. Publishers are quick to see the drift in educational lines, and this unusual activity in the department of domestic science must be taken to indicate a demand on the part of the public for this class of instruction. The indication is encouraging. If you do not know what to give your young housekeeper friend, buy her a cook book.

Of course! The inevitable is about to happen. A British author, whose spirit of justice and retaliation has been stirred by reading the "Confessions of a Wife," is about to prepare a volume of "Confessions of a Husband." The book is uncalled for. Any one who has read the wife's confessions knows exactly why "Dana" took to morphine and the woods. No more of the harrowing details are necessary.

THE WRITING FRATERNITY.

It is stated that the price recently paid to Mr. Kipling for a short story of some 6,000 words by an American firm for American rights was no less than £500. This, we should say, constituted a record. Times have indeed changed since the days when Longmans bought "Endymion" for £15,000, if that was the precise sum. That was considered amazing at the time, but it is nothing nowadays. Mr. Barrie's price must be almost as high as Mr. Kipling's, and Sir A. Conan Doyle is not far behind.

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Elinor Glyn, author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," whose new book, "The Reflections of Ambrosine," has just been published, is Mrs. Clayton Glyn, a sister of Lady Duff Gordon. Lady Gordon is one of the well-known titled English women who have gone into trade. She conducts the most successful dressmaking establishment in London under the name of "Lucette." Her sister, Mrs. Glyn, lives in Harlow, Essex.

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Miss Mary Johnston, author of "To Have and To Hold," has written a new romance, entitled "Sir Mortimer," which will begin publication in Harper's Magazine next May, following Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." The new story is a romance of the period of Queen Elizabeth, at whose court the heroine is a lady in waiting.

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Besides giving orders as announced in this column last week that his remains are to be buried in Russian soil, Count Leo Tolstoi has just decided that his latest novel shall not be published until after his death. Tolstoi's original intention was that his new book, which is named "Chadchi Murat," should first see the light in a popular edition, and has vouchsafed no reason for his change of plans.

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At a dinner given by the late Harold Frederics in London some years ago, an incident occurred that has never found its way into print, says a literary bulletin. The guests, twenty-four in number, were all prominent authors, and it was suggested by one of them that each man write down the name of his favorite novel, and that the votes be read aloud to determine what promised to be an interesting result. It proved both interesting and remarkable, for of the twenty-four ballots cast twenty-two were found to be in favor of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth.

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The London Mail says: "It is possible that the account of London in the eighteenth century, which Sir Walter Besant had completed before he died, is the last book of his which we shall have. Sir Walter had been for years at work on his great scheme of a survey of London, which was to do for modern London what Stow did for ancient London. He had a good many hands employed on the work, and indefatigable laborers tramped the town street by street; for it was Besant's idea to go over every foot carefully and individually, and not trust to maps. Thus when he died a vast amount of material had been collected. What is to become of it? We assume that the promised book is what Besant had completed himself. But is the labor to be thrown away? Or will some one step into the breach and finish the work? We hope so."

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Robert Barr, author of "The Victors," has decided to combine once more the work of an editor with that of a novelist, and has bought a magazine. This is none other than the Idler, made famous by Mr. Barr and Jerome K. Jerome years ago when the first work of authors like Anthony Hope and Jerome himself made the pages of the magazine sparkling and welcome. As some one has said, "first Mr. Barr left it, and then Mr. Jerome left it—and then a public left it to a considerable extent," but there can be little doubt of the return of the public after the return of Mr. Barr.

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Emerson Hough pays his compliments to the historical novelist after this fashion: "It's a phrase I resent," he says, "and the much-abused term was unknown when I began 'The Mississippi Bubble.' Besides, my book is history, not the jingle jangle of twenty-four hours' sword play, the history of an epoch which passes up the great valley of truth, as do the iron threads today along the valley of the great Father of Waters. I began the book really when, as a child, I came on a copy of Henry Howe's once-famous work, 'Historical Collections of the Great West,' and before I had finished with it I simply read that volume off the face of the earth, for our old homestead now contains no trace of it."

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William Allen Wood, of Indianapolis, has a fine print of the familiar frowsy-headed picture of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens has written on it, "At every turn, in every quarter of the globe, I have encountered this drunken caricature. It raises in me, on all occasions, the same feeling which holy water is said to rouse in one of my principal ancestors."

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Andrew Lang, in Longman's: "The success of the sixpenny novelist depends much on the artist who designs the cover. For example, on a work by Mr. Anthony Hope we see on the cover a man firing a revolver at another man in evening dress in the open air. At the shooter's feet is a lady lying flat, apparently dead; the man fires from her as a bowler bowls from a crease, while just in front of the hero, who is being shot at, stands another lady in an attitude of excitement. The whole suggests some new kind of duel, and the hesitating purchaser cannot but pay his sixpence, out of sheer curiosity as to how the duel is managed and as to what the ladies have to make in the matter. But the end hardly justifies the proceedings; the tale is not Mr. Hope's masterpiece.

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Mr. Creelman's "Eagle Blood," an interesting story of English and American life, with a fine underlying tone of patriotism, has already shown that it will be one of the popular books for the holidays. It appeared Oct. 11, and 5,000 copies were ordered in advance and a second large edition is already printing.

CURRENT PERIODICALS.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck is little known as a writer of songs, but the Critic for the coming Christmas will be enabled to publish a selection of these songs, together with translations by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano.

The McClure Company has just issued a complete index of the contents of McClure's Magazine from Volume 1 to 18—June, 1893, to April, 1902. This pamphlet will be found of much service when looking up the information often to be found nowhere but in periodicals.

The calendar issued by Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly will please the students of at least three universities. Pictures of handsome young women represent Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania. They are dressed in the colors of their respective schools, and beneath each is printed the college yell.

The Smart Set for December opens with "Winning Him Back," a humorous novelette by Anita Vivanti Chartres. Among the short stories is "The Builder of the Lighthouse," by Molly Elliot Seawell, a romantic tale, of which the scene is laid on the borders of the St. Lawrence. There is the usual variety of the stories, sketches and poems that differentiate this sprightly periodical from other monthlies.

In an interesting article in "The Atlantic" on literature in the tenements, Elizabeth McCracken tells many suggestive anecdotes. One concerns "Vanity Fair" and its effect upon a tenement girl. She was asked which of the people she liked best. "Becky," said the girl; "she had the most to her. Of course Amelia was good and Becky wasn't—but I sorter think Amelia just happened to be good; she didn't decide to be. Becky would or been a hundred times better than Amelia if she'd been brought up dif'rent."

Ainslee's for December opens with a very dramatic story of modern life, entitled, "The Unequal Yoke," by Neith Boyce. Molly Elliot Seawell contributes a very pretty love story entitled, "Black or Red?" John Gilmer Speed writes entertainingly, and with impartiality about "The Bachelor Maid." The first short story that Edgar Saltus has published in a long time appears in this number under the title, "The Dear Departed." There is an unusual variety of clever fiction in the number, and numerous sketches—in all about thirty-five contributors.

Among the Christmas numbers Leslie's Monthly appears in an especially handsome form. The number of pages is increased; a story by Egerton Castle, printed in tint, and one by Seumas MacManus on colored paper, and a collection of full-page illustrations by John Cecil Clay, Reginald Birch, W. Glackens, Florence Scovel Shinn, John Wolcott Adams, H. M. Eaton and Howard Giles illuminate the magazine. There are stories by Ralph Connor, Harry Stillwell Edwards, Anna Katherine Green, Eden Philpotts, Emerson Hough, author of the "Mississippi Bubble," and others.

The opening article in Pearson's Magazine for December is a clever sketch of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, or in the terse phrase of an admiring African chieftain, "The man who gets things done." Of interest also will be found the article on "Uncle Sam's Pocketbook," which, by its statistics of the cost of maintaining the various governmental departments and the comparative expenditures of continental governments for similar purposes, shows that despite the American reputation for reckless extravagance our country's finances are most carefully administered. There is a variety of pleasant fiction.

For a year Dr. S. Weir Mitchell had sent to him from one of the clipping agencies all the reports that could be found in the American daily papers of heroism in everyday life. Dr. Mitchell has written an article for the December Century giving the results of this search. One of the surprising facts is the many instances of heroic acts by children. Of fifty-three trustworthy statements of children under fifteen who have tried to save others from water, fire or other danger, twelve concerned girls who tried to save drowning persons previously unknown to them. In three undoubted instances little boys of four, five and six years of age respectively risked their lives in saving others at fires.

The Crafstman, a four-year-old magazine, is a fine specimen of printing and illustration, and its October and November numbers are very readable. It was started by the United Crafts, another "Roycroft" organization at or near Syracuse, N. Y., as an exponent of the William Morris ideas, combining art and labor, and has continued to appear monthly for the past year. The purpose of it is commercial, evidently, the United Crafts being the manufacturers of certain hand-made and simple but artistic furniture, which it is one of the chief features of the publication to adroitly advertise. There are articles by Irene Sargent on "London in Coronation Time" and on "Rene Lalique," the French goldsmith and art craftsman; by Professor Triggs, of the University of Chicago, on "The Workshop and School" and "The New Industrialism;" by Samuel Howe on "Suburban Homes" and "The Use of Orrament in the House," and a number of others on subjects that are artistic and suggestive of the beautiful and useful combined.

AMONG THE PUBLISHERS.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. report that seven editions of "The Right Princess," Mrs. Burnham's latest story, have gone in six weeks. Orders for over two thousand copies came in two days last week.

The character of Lady Tilchester, in Elinor Glyn's new book, "The Reflections of Ambrosine," just issued by the Harpers, is said to be drawn from that of a celebrated woman of title, who is known as one of the most beautiful women in London.

Molly Elliot Seawell, whose historical novel, "Francezka," has just been published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, won a prize of $500 some years ago with her juvenile story, "Little Jarvis," and the $3,000 offered by a New York paper for "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac."

Amusing interpretations are sometimes given to titles of books. Within a week D. Appleton & Co. have received orders for "Donovan Pshaw!" ("Donovan Pasha"), by Sir Gilbert Parker, and "Tales About Temperance" ("Tales About Temperaments"), by John Oliver Hobbes.

At their book shop in New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. last year held a series of exhibitions, including an unusually notable one of FitzGerald first editions and manuscripts. This year they have begun a second series of exhibitions, the first being of the original drawings which Rudyard Kipling has made to illustrate his "The Just So Stories."

A writer in a Philadelphia paper has discovered what he considers to be a striking resemblance between George B. McCutcheon's "Graustark" and John R. Carling's "The Shadow of the Czar," but he considers that the latter story is by far the better. Mr. Carling's publishers, Little, Brown & Co., however, assert that there can be no question of plagiarism, as Mr. Carling does not live in this country and has probably neither seen nor heard of Mr. McCutcheon's story.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has just published "The True History of the American Revolution," by Sydney George Fisher, who has been studying the letters and manuscripts dealing with personal phases of the war for independence. The book is said to bring out many facts in a new light. Mr. Fisher's endeavor is to show that there were many agencies involved in 1776, the importance of which has been overlooked. The volume is illustrated with many reproductions from old prints.

"The Pit," by the late Frank Norris, now running in the Saturday Evening Post, had been finished before he left New York, and he was about to begin "The Wolf." The two novels, together with "The Octopus," were to form an Epic of the Wheat—the growth in California, its sale in Chicago, and the story of its consumption in Europe. "The Pit," shortly to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a story of the love of a Chicago girl and how it became entangled with a corner in wheat.

Charles Scribner's Sons issued this week "Unknown Mexico,' being "a record of five years' exploration among the tribes of the western Sierra Madre; in the Tierra Caliente of Tepic and Jalisco and among the Tarrascos of Michoacan," by Carl Lumholtz, M. A.; "New York Sketches," by Jesse Lynch Williams, illustrated by Jules Guerin, Everett Shinn, W. R. Leigh and others; a new and elaborately illustrated edition of E. H. and E. W. Blashfield's "Italian Cities," with forty-eight full-page illustrations in tint, in two volumes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons publish this week "The Lost Art of Reading," by Gerald Stanley Lee, volume three of the series on "Social England," "From the Accession of Henry VIII to the Death of Elizabeth;" "The Youth of La Grande Mademoiselle" (1627-52), by Arvede Barine, authorized English versions by L. G. Meyer; "The Writings of James Madison," edited by Gaillard Hunt, volume three, work to be complete in eight or nine volumes, uniform with "The Writings of Jefferson," etc.; "Ethics, Civil and Poltical," by David A. Gorton.

The Macmillan Company has just published "Memories of a Hundred Years," by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in two volumes, profusely illustrated; "English Pleasure Gardens," by Rose Standish Nichols, with many illustrations; volume four in "A Manual of Medicine," edited by W. H. Allchin, M. D., entitled "Diseases of the Respiratory and Circulatory Systems;" "A Discussion of Composition, Especially as Applied to Architecture," by Prof. John V. Van Pelt, in charge of the College of Architecture, Cornell University; "Nineteenth Century Art," by D. S. MacColl, illustrated with many full-page plates of pictures from the art loan collection of the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.

The Solace of Books.

What matter though my room be small,
Though this red lamp light looks
On nothing but a papered wall
And some few rows of books?

For in my hand I hold a key
That opens golden doors;
At whose resistless sesame
A tide of sunlight pours,

In from the basking lawns that lie
Beyond the bound'ry wall;
Where summer broods eternally
Where the cicadas call.

There all the landscape softer is,
There greener tendrils twine,
The bowers are roofed with clematis,
With briony and vine.

There pears and apples golden hang,
There falls the honey dew,
And there the birds that morning sang
When all the world was new.

Beneath the oaks Menalcas woos
Arachnia's nut-brown eyes;
And still the laughing Faun pursues,
And still the wood nymph flies,

And you may hear young Orpheus there
Come singing through the wood,
Or catch the gleam of golden hair
In Dian's solitude.

So when the world is all awry,
When life is out of chime,
I take this key of gold and fly
To that serener clime;

To those fair sunlit lawns that lie
Beyond the bound'ry wall,
Where summer broods eternally
And youth is over all.

—The Spectator.

Music and Art

ART BOOKS FROM RUSSELL.

Everyone knows Frederic Remington's pictures of horses and plainsmen, soldiers and Indians, as found in the magazines, and everyone knows that they speak the truth in every line, so clearly do they show action and life and energy. But it is one thing to see these representations in the small pages of periodicals and to see them the full size of the original drawings printed on heavy cardboard, sixteen by twelve inches in size, or sometimes covering two such pages. A book of these drawings sent out by R. H. Russell (New York) makes an art treasure greatly to be desired and a joy to see. It bears the title "Done in the Open"—a name that might well suit a complete collection of this author's work—and the drawings portray Indians, Uncle Sam's soldiers on duty and off, "cow punchers," mountain stages, horses in every condition of life—and death; horses in violent action, horses frightened, horses tired and drooping after long journeys, horses half starved and broken down, horses well kept and cared for and the delight of their owners, horses, or rather their skeletons, reposing on the sod, their toil at last ended. And Indians! One becomes well acquainted with the Indian here. In a preface to the book written by Owen Wister, the point is made that Americans should be as familiar with the facial characteristics of the typical aborigine as with the face of George Washington. He also points out that the public which studies Remington's pictures need lack no information as to the uniforms of our soldiery—officers, cavalry, infantry. Besides the introduction, Wister accompanies each drawing with a sympathetic stanza; they are not explanatory, as the pictures tell their own story, but since Wister knows Remington's West he can enter thoroughly into the spirit of his work, and his clever verses are a distinct addition to the pages. On the page with the cow punchers, for instance, he says:

"He rides the earth with hoofs of might,
His is the song the eagle sings;
Strong as the eagle's his delight,
For like his rope, his heart hath wings."

The book altogether is a magnificent contribution to the art of the day.

From the same house, so noted for its artistic publications, comes a volume showing the productions of another talented artist who works in a very different field—Charles Dana Gibson. It is the seventh book in the regular series of his published drawings, and its contents show, perhaps, a greater variety of subjects than some of the others. The celebrated "girl" is there numerously, but the artist by no means confines himself to her. The book is called "The Social Ladder," and a number of the drawings deal with the struggles of ambitious climbers to reach the social goal. These and cartoons on other themes each tell a story; they are often amusing and always worth a study, not only for their execution, but their thought. The volume is a beautiful one and will add to the artist's already high reputation.

Still another artistic book from this house is an illustrated poem by Richard Le Gallienne—"Mr. Sun and Mrs. Moon." It is often rather difficult to understand Mr. Le Gallienne, but these verses seem to be mainly intended for the entertainment of children, and the rather weird pictures are in keeping. A "Nursery Alphabet" at the last is so clever that it should be universally adopted as an entertaining method of teaching children their letters.

THE ART OF THE VATICAN.

The subject of this book is not, as might be thought from the title, papal diplomacy, but fine art as represented in the collection of the Vatican. The term "Vatican" is often used to denote the papal authority or government, but as used here it relates to the magnificent assemblage of buildings at Rome constituting the Vatican, and including the Pope's palace, a museum, library, art gallery, etc. The Vatican, as it is to-day, with its outbuildings, gardens and grounds, covers a space equal to a city with a population of over 100,000, as European cities are built. Compared in size with the palace alone, even the Colosseum sinks into insignificance. The Colosseum would not fill up the ground plan of St. Peter's, and it would take all of St. Peter's and more than half as much again to equal the extent of the Vatican. In its inception the Vatican was outside the walls of ancient Rome. It has been many centuries in building, and contains the accumulated art treasures of many papal reigns. "The Art of the Vatican," by Mary K. Porter, gives a history of the successive stages of the construction of the noble buildings which constitute the Vatican, and a detailed description of the great works of art contained in its halls. Here Michael Angelo performed his mightiest works, the terrific "Last Judgment" and the monumental Prophets and Sybils of the Sistine Chapel, and here Raphael painted his sublimest compositions. It would be impossible in one volume to describe even superficially all the art treasures of the Vatican. This one makes no pretense of describing the library or the museum, which are renowned throughout the world, nor does it even describe all the treasures of the art gallery, but it does contain faithful descriptions and critical notices of many of the most celebrated features, including the Borgia apartments, the Sistine Chapel, Raphael's Loggia, Raphael's tapestries, the sculpture galleries, etc. There are photogravure pictures of over forty of these celebrated works, reproducing them in the minutest details, including even the cracks in the wall and the flaws in the marble. All of the works thus reproduced are by old masters. The book is one to be studied by art students, by lovers of art, and by all who expect ever to visit Rome. It is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, in the Art Galleries of Europe series.

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS AND THEIR USE.

Musical instruments of a simple kind are of very ancient origin, but music in the modern sense does not date further back than the middle ages. True instrumental music did not exist in ancient times and it is only in medieval and modern times that orchestral music has existed and among European nations that the evolution of harmony and counterpoint have made possible the rich and manifold textures of modern orchestral compositions. The orchestra as it is now known is of comparatively recent development. As late as the year 1600 the first opera was produced at Florence with the accompaniment of a harpsichord, a large guitar, a viol and lute. The violin as it is now known dates from the early part of the sixteenth century, and horns are of still later origin. In "Orchestral Instruments and Their Use" Mr. Arthur Elson, a practical musician and competent critic, gives a description of each instrument now employed by civilized nations, a brief account of its history, an idea of the technical and acoustical principles illustrated by its performance and an explanation of its value and functions in the modern orchestra. The work is an intelligent discussion of the science of music and addresses itself to all who are interested in the art, either as composers, practitioners or lovers of music. It is published in the "Music Lovers' Series" by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

It was to be expected that the Goldsmith poem, illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey, which has formed such a notable feature of Harper's magazine during the year, would be put into book form. This has been done with results even more striking than was expected. The drawings are made more effective than was possible on the narrower page and lighter paper of the periodical, and the typographical character is correspondingly improved. Probably only an artist acquainted by experience with the difficulty of producing the results secured by Abbey can fully appreciate the remarkable quality of this master's work, but even the most casual observer must look with wonder and admiration upon the perfection of his art. Each and every drawing calls for close study, and repays it. There is a fascination in such study even for the amateur; the accuracy of line, the marvelous effects of light and shade, the evidences of amazing painstaking, the sureness of touch, the perspectives—all are lessons in art hardly to be equaled through the close inspection of any other illustrator's work. There are nearly forty full-page drawings, and the volume thus forms an album of art of unusual quality and value.

The book has an introduction by Austin Dobson, in which is an analysis of the Goldsmith poem and something of the author's history. Following this is Goldsmith's dedication of the work to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Praise must be given for the artistic type used in presenting the poem, also for that in the title page. Altogether, Messrs. Harper & Brothers have provided a setting for the poem that must meet the most exacting requirements. The poet is honored by the artist and the artist has a subject in keeping with his talent. The book is undoubtedly the handsomest and most artistically valuable holiday publication of the year.

FAMOUS ARTISTS.

Sarah K. Bolton—who must not be confounded with Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, an Indiana author of much merit who died several years ago—has added a new book to the long list of her previous works. She is a compiler rather than an original author, but is a painstaking and intelligent compiler. Her latest work, "Famous Artists," is a good-sized volume containing biographical and critical sketches of ten of the great masters of mediaeval and modern times, with reproductions of and comments on their works. The list includes Michael Angelo, Leonardo Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Edwin Landseer and Turner. The sketches do not pretend to have been drawn from original sources, but they are judiciously compiled and are handy for general readers seeking books of the "multum in parvo," or encyclopedic style. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

DELIGHT THE SOUL OF ART.

A book containing five lectures by Arthur Jerome Eddy is entitled "Delight the Soul of Art." The title embraces the central idea and argument of all the lectures, which is that in proportion as delight, as a feeling of intense approval and pleasure, enters into thought and expression does art become purer and truer. "All that distinguishes the five so-called fine arts and occupations," says the author, "is that in them the element of delight finds greater play." The five lectures treat of "The Soul of Art," "Sincerity and Conviction," "Inspiration," "Expression" and "Delight in Labor." The argument in all of them is consecutive and together they constitute a broad and elevated view of the subject. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Authors and Politics.

Footnote to Leigh Hunt's "Wishing Cap Papers."

Most of Leigh Hunt's literary contemporaries meddled with politics. Sir Walter Scott dabbled in them. Southey contributed political essays to the Quarterly Review and Coleridge wrote political articles for the Morning Post and the Morning Chronicle. Wordsworth was the author of a political pamphlet on the peace of Cintra, and Moore dashed off many a witty political squib. Wilson was a rash and bitter political writer; and Hazlett published a volume of political essays. Sydney Smith wrote political pamphlets and published political articles in the newspapers. Even "the gentle Elia" wrote political squibs and epigrams for the Examiner and the New Times.

Politics, to those who are desirous of becoming acquainted with anything that concerns mankind, are, as Leigh Hunt says elsewhere, "a part of humane literature; and they who can be taught to like them in common with wit and philosophy, insensibly do an infinite deal of good by mingling them with the common talk of life and helping to render the stream of public opinion irresistible."

A Chinese Menu.

Literary Bulletin.

In "Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes," by Prof. Edward S. Morse, recently published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., Professor Morse gives an interesting account of a Chinese dinner which he ate during his travels. The menu and his comments on the various dishes are recorded as follows:

Water chestnut. Crispy and interesting.
Peanuts, fried in oil, served cold. Delicious. (Will fry peanuts when get home.)
Watermelon seed. Indifferent, and one wonders what the Chinese find of interest in the diminutive morsel within.
An uncooked goose's egg, four years old. Ghastly.
Salted chicken, cold. First rate.
Salted pork. Fairly good.
Clover leaf and bamboo. Not unlike spinach. Delicious.
Fish, with rich gravy. Delicious.
Shark's fin, a gelatinous mass. Delicious.
Fermented bean-curd soup. Very poor.